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THE
2
FAIR QUAKER:

O R, The
Seraphick Amours

OF
JOHN BINGLEY

WITH A
FEMALE FRIEND.

AND HIS
Poetical LAMENTATION

Just before his DEATH.

To which is prefix'd

His Funeral Elegy.

By a Lover of Truth.

L O N D O N:

Printed for R. Burleigh in Amen-Corner. 1715.

Price Six Pence.

A
Funeral ELEGY

On the Death of

JOHN BINGLEY.

NO longer Muse, no longer take thy Flights,
In pleasing Strains of Love and soft Delights;
But from thy Temples rend the *Myrtle* Boughs,
And Baleful *Cypress* twine about thy Brows.
Thus Mourn the Dear Departed CELADON,
PARNASSUS' Bride, and PHOEBUS' Darling Son.

THOU who dost at the Funeral Rites appear,
In Sable Weeds attir'd, and flowing Hair,
Most Mournful of the Nine; conduct along
The Trembling Lyre, and aid the Faltring Song.

YE Lovely Virgins, whose deserved Worth
He whilome sweetly sung, and warbled forth;
Come pay your grateful Tribute at his Urn!
And share my Griefs; with me Lament and Mourn!
Lament the Youth, now clos'd in Death's cold Arms,
Who'll sing no more your *Beauties*, or your *Charms*!
Come, Gentle Swains! with Tear-distilling Eyes
Approach, and with my Sorrows sympathize:
Let nothing on the Flow'ry Plain be heard,
But loud Laments for the Melodious BARD,
Whose pleasing *Conversation* will no more
Your tedious Hours beguile, as heretofore.
Come, Tender Lovers! who have felt the Smart,
And cruel Torments of a *bleeding Heart*!
Who have been fetter'd in a Tyrant's Chain,
And tortur'd by a scornful Nymphs Disdain,
Shew your Compassion for the Faithful SWAIN.
Let flowing Tears, like boundless *Nile*, arise!
And weep a briny Deluge from your Eyes!

SWEET was his *Carriage*, unreserv'd his *Mind*:
His *Temper* Pleasing, Gentle, Free and Kind.

His



His Courteous *Nature* shew'd no Spark of Pride,
 Or Self-Conceit, did with his *Wit* reside.
 In soft *Tranquility* he led his Life,
 From *Sorrow* free, and from corroding *Grief* :
 Each circling Hour in Blissful Ease was spent ;
 And ev'ry Day encreas'd his sweet *Content* ;
 (Thrice Happy SWAIN!) till an invenom'd Dart,
 From O-----d's Eyes, inflam'd his Gentle *Heart* :
 Inflam'd his *Heart*, and pierc'd his Tender *Breast*,
 That he nor Night nor Day enjoy'd his Rest !
 For her he Sigh'd, (Dear BARD!) for her he Mourn'd,
 And all his former *Joys* at once to *Sorrow* turn'd !

LONG did the Bleeding *Youth* his Flame conceal,
 Afraid his hopeless *Passion* to reveal :
 Long, with his utmost *Pow'r* and *Art*, he strove
 To stop the mighty Torrent of his *Love*,
 And live unsacrific'd to her *Disdain* :
 But ah ! his best Endeavours prov'd in vain,
 His *Love* encreas'd, and still encreas'd his Pain.
 Since therefore Silence did his Woes augment,
 At last, in *Melting Lays*, he gave his *Passion* vent.

BUT, O ye *Pow'rs* ! with what *Ætherial Fire*,
 And Godlike Skill he struck th' *Entrancing Lyre* !
 How soft his *Strains* ! with what inviting *Air* !
 And with what moving *Grace* he sung the *Fair* !
 Serenely his *Immortal Numbers* shine :
 And beauteous *Thoughts* adorn his ev'ry *Line*.
 If he in gentle *Raptures* deigns to sing,
 Or soars aloft with more expanded *Wing* ;
 His flowing *Wit*, and streaming *Eloquence*,
 Do still attract our *Souls*, and ravish ev'ry *Sense*.
 No Word throughout his *Theme* can find a *Place*
 To stain, with rosy *Dye*, the purest *Face* :
 But from all nauseous *Pedantry* refin'd,
 With polish'd *Art*, and native *Sweetness* join'd :
 His *inoffensive Muse* each Sex inspires
 With *Vestal Flames*, and chaste *Hymenial Fires*.

HERE did the wounded SWAIN disclose his *Grief*,
 And so pathetically sought *Relief*,
 That 'twou'd have mollify'd a Heart of *Flint*,
 Or made the most obdurate *Breast* relent,

Had not his ardent Flame to One been told,
 Whose Favour only cou'd be gain'd with Gold,
 Accursed Gold ! to whose Imperial Sway,
 Our Modern NYMPHS such Adorations pay,
 That neither Virtue now, nor Wit can move
 Their stupid Minds, without its Aid, to Love !
 'Twas this that caus'd the Cruel Maid to hear
 His Suit with Scorn, and slight his humblest Pray'r.

THE YOUTH astonish'd stood at such Disdain,
 And thence despairing ever to obtain
 A Glimpse of Favour, banish'd from her Sight,
 In Bliss and Pleasure took no more Delight :
 Each setting Sun left him o'erwhelm'd with Grief,
 Nor the returning Light could yield Relief.
 But more and more his poignant Pain encreas'd
 The swelling Anguish of his throbbing Breast ;
 Till scorning Limits longer shou'd controul
 Its way, it forc'd a Passage thro' his Soul !
 Depriv'd the lovely Youth of Vital Breath,
 And threw him in the cold Embrace of Death !
 Whose Spirit, thus freed from its Earthly Chain,
 Ascending, mounted to th' Empyrean Plain :
 Where, in Seraphic Lays, he sweetly sings
 Eternal Anthems to the King of Kings.

THUS Blooming CELADON was snatch'd away,
 When Nature look'd so Flourishing and Gay :
 Thus He ! the Pride and Glory of his Age,
 For *Wit* and *Humour* ! vanish'd off the Stage !
 Like some fair Flower, that beautifies the Field,
 Which does to blasting Mildews Fading yield.

THO' undistinguish'd from the vulgar Train,
 Interr'd in Dust his Body does remain :
 Tho' no ambitious *Pyramid* rehearse
 His Memory ; yet his *Immortal Verse*
 Shall raise a Monument, that will surpass
 Or *Parian Marble*, or *Corinthian Brass* :
 Which (when the Piles, that once in Lustre blaz'd,
 Are by th' inveterate Teeth of Time defac'd,
 Fixt on the Pillars of enduring Fame,
 Shall to Eternity preserve his NAME.

F I N I S.



THE
PUBLISHER
TO THE
READER.

I Am very well acquainted that the Excuses of a Friend's Importunity, or his stealing a Copy, or its having unadvisedly been distributed, and so committed privately to the Press, and the like, are so common and thread-bare, that they are grown a standing Jest: Yet, notwithstanding this, I will venture to assure the Readers of this following Poem, that this is really the Case, and that the Author of it will probably be later acquainted with the printing of it, and I am sure much more surprized than the Reader. For the Truth is, I saw and was pleas'd with the Piece, which I found, in my Opinion, as well as in that of several much better Judges, to be Easy, Just, and entirely Novel. For which Reason I resolv'd without his Knowledge (whose Consent I was sure never to obtain) to thrust it into the Press: Which is the main Reason why you now find it made Publick. As for the Fate it may meet with in the World, the Author I am sure will be very little concern'd, nor I believe any one else, except the Bookseller and my self; He for his own Profit, and I, that (after this Presumption) I may look my Friend in the Face with better Assurance. So, Reader, I leave it with you, and wish you as much Pleasure in perusing it as I had.

WELL, unknown Youth, hast thou thy
Friends express'd,
And thy Fair Quakers like themselves hast dress'd:
Moving and soft, and gayly innocent;
Without Excess, yet full of Ornament.
Of youthful Vertue thus proceed to write,
And by Example as by Verse invite.
With Innocence and Beauty grace your Strains,
The listning Isle shall bless your tuneful Pains:
Vertue resume her Sway and Vice retire,
And O-----d reign, while thus she does inspire
The Friendly Muse, and guide the Quaker Lyre.



R. S.

The Fair Quakers:

A P O E M.

A ID sacred Nymphs of the *Pierian* Spring!
 Whilst I no vulgar Theme attempt to sing.
 And *Phœbus*, tuneful God, my Breast inspire,
 Expand my Soul with thy Celestial Fire,
 Conduct those Numbers, and direct those Lays
 Which now I dedicate to Beauty's Praise.
 Thy kind Assistance too, soft God of Love,
 To me vouchsafe, thy Influence let me prove.
 Virgins from thee derive their various Charms,
 Their Eyes are thy bright Magazine of Arms:
 And thou from them deriv'st thy Sovereign Sway,
 What they command we joyfully obey.
 Instruct me then their Beauties to rehearse,
 And let their Names immortalize my Verse.
 And tho' till now (a Stranger to thy Power)
 I never did thy sacred Shrine adore,
 Let Ignorance for past Neglect atone,
 And spare th' unwitting Fault, because unknown.
 Fair O-----d now too strongly does attest
 Thy potent Sway, and wounds my suff'ring Breast:

B

Thy

Thy Godhead I confess, oh! move the Fair
 To hear and be propitious to my Prayer;
 And thy bright Train, whilst I attempt to write,
 Assist my feeble Lays and guide my infant Flight.

BEGIN, auspicious Muse, the pleasing Song,
 Fir'd with new Beauties as thou go'st along.
 See lovely B-----s first in Sight appears,
 A Blooming Virgin in her Prime of Years,
 Graceful her Shape, delightful is her Mien,
 An unaffected Smile, an Air serene
 Adorn her Face, where growing Charms are seen;
 Sweet Innocence does from each Action flow,
 Whilst thronging Lovers sigh, adore and bow:
 But from th'insnaring Wiles the Beauty free
 Maintains with Care her native Liberty.

Ma-----n, with conqu'ring Charms the Soul commands,
 And captive leads the Heart in willing Bands;
 The sparkling Lustre of her radiant Eyes
 The Lover's Breast invades with sweet Surprise.
 Amaz'd to feel the soft encroaching Pain,
 He sighs and looks, and looks and sighs again,
 Which soon augmenting kindles to Desire,
 And fills his glowing Breast with am'rous Fire.
 Then to the Virgin wou'd his Flame disclose
 To stop the Torrent of invading Woes:
 But, dreading the fierce Terrors of her Frown,
 Retires, and mourns his hopeless Love alone.

BEHOLD, a younger Ma-----n comes in Sight,
 Who shortly will shine forth with wond'rous Light;
 Her budding Charms uncommon Lustre spread,
 And beaming Glories crown her youthful Head.
 Too soon, alas! the fatal Day shall come
 Her dawning Charms shall in full Splendor bloom,
 And each desiring Swain to Sighs and Anguish doom.

NOR,



NOR, *W-----n*, shall thy Worth unsung remain,
 Misfortunes never shall thy Lustre stain,
 Thy pleasing Beauties chear the ravish'd Sight,
 And sooth the Senses with a strange Delight ;
 Each sundry Charm Adversity refines,
 Like Diamonds set in Jet thy Vertue shines.

YOUNG *H-----s* appears, all innocently gay
 Driving from ev'ry Breast Despair away ;
 So affable the Fair, so soft and kind,
 She frees from gloomy Cares the Lover's Mind :
 Yet when her tender Bosom he would move,
 And to the Nymph reveal his ardent Love,
 With soothing Rhet'rick wou'd her Heart persuade
 To yield to the sweet Power ; the Blushing Maid,
 Free from th' enchanting Pain, his Suit denies,
 And Innocence the Place of Pride supplies.

P-----n a fatal Splendour darts abroad,
 Which, Comet like, sure Ruin does forebode ;
 Her Lovers trembling view her, and admire
 The glitt'ring Cause of such destructive Fire :
 They sigh, they languish, but, alas ! in vain,
 The haughty Maid returns it with Disdain,
 Plays with their Passion, and neglects their Pain. }
 Fair Nymph, your Influence shed with gentler Rays,
 Meteors soon vanish tho' they fiercely blaze,
 Whilst milder Planets, with distinguish'd Light }
 And holy Fires, adorn the silent Night,
 To distant Ages regularly bright.

ENGAGING *M---re* appears with artless Grace,
 A Thousand blooming Charms adorn her Face ;
 Youth and fair Vertue both in her are met,
 And strive to form a Virgin all compleat.

NEXT I advance to sing fair *W-----r's* Name,
W-----r whose Wit deserves immortal Fame:
 Her solid Sense in Conversation gains
 Applause, and captivates the listning Swains,
 Whilst joyful they attend the pleasing Sound,
 And from her Lips receive Love's powerful Wound.
 Th' ingenious Sallies of her Wit engage
 Passion from Youth, and kind Regard from Age;
 With which resplendent Beauty does combine
 To make the charming Maid conspicuous shine.

FAIR *P-----m* next behold, serenely gay,
 Pleasing as *Summer's* Shades and mild as *May*,
 As Roses in their vernal Bloom appear,
 To Sight and Smell delicious, sweet and fair,
 Some with their Crimson Blush delight the View,
 And others with their native Snowy Hue;
 In *P-----m's* Cheeks these Opposites unite,
 The blushing Crimson and the snowy White;
 So blended, neither claims Prerogative,
 But from her Eyes new Glories both receive.

ATTEMPT, my Muse, attempt a loftier Strain,
 But guide thy strong Career with steady Rein,
 The shining Track of Beauty swift pursue,
T-----r, the dazling *T-----r* comes in view.
 Admiring Crowds around the Virgin wait,
 Whilst she, majestick, walks in awful State;
 And, conscious of the Lustre of her Eyes,
 Darts forth their Beams some Lover to surprize;
 Whose Lightning, swift as is the Heav'nly Dart,
 Wounds but too soon the trembling Gazer's Heart,
 Who loth her Anger, or her Scorn to prove,
 Anxious, conceals the Secret of his Love.

Then

Then to soft *S-----te* Shades the Youth retires,
 There, on the Barks of Trees, records his Fires :
 And, Sorrow from his Bosom to remove,
 Lov'd *T-----r*'s Name repeats in every Grove ;
 The Groves again repeat lov'd *T-----r*'s Name,
 And the dear Sound augments his am'rous Flame.
 But if o'repress'd at length he tells his Pain,
 The humble Tale she answers with Disdain.
 For you, bright Charmer, *Strepson* pines away,
 Pensive with heaving Sighs he spends the Day ;
 Yet tries his inward Passion to conceal,
 But speaking Eyes the Secret will reveal :
 The hidden Flame does on his Vitals feed,
 As Wounds most dangerous are that inward bleed.
 Extend, bright Nymph, some Pity to the Youth,
 And with a mutual Flame reward his Truth.

A younger *T-----r* shines Celestial bright,
 With a less fierce, but no less pleasing Light,
 Her milder Features shed peculiar Grace,
 Nor Pride nor Scorn her pleasing Charms deface,
 And Stranger to the Tyrant *Cupid*'s Dart,
 Serene and gay appears with an unwounded Heart.

SEE *Ec-----n* all blooming, fair and young,
 To whom unnumber'd budding Charms belong ;
 Her wond'rous Beauty yields a swift Delight,
 She pains at once, at once she cheers the fight :
 Maternal Glories grace the lovely Maid,
 Glories, which Time it self can scarce invade :
 Yet she by Time her Charms increas'd shall find,
 And future Years will prove to Beauty kind.

To *V-----s* next direct thy Flight, my Muse,
V-----s whose Charms transcendent Joys diffuse ;
 A dazzling Splendour blazes from her Eye,
 And on her Brow fits awful Majesty :

Yet her soft Mien and courteous Beauties move
 Beholders, to admire at once and love :
 The Fair, amidst the blushing Maidens, seems
 As Chast *Diana* by *Eurota's* Streams,
 When she, surrounded by her Virgin Train,
 Warm in the eager Chase flies o'er the Plain.
 But who shall sing her vast superiour Sense?
 Her flowing Wit and pleasing Eloquence!
 Such warbling Strains her tuneful Muse inspires,
 She warms the neighbouring Youths with soft Desires,
 And kindles in their Breasts Poetick Fires.
 To her they dedicate their Rural Lays,
 Whilst distant Hills resound bright *V-----s* Praise.
 Long may the Virgin, long with us remain,
 With her soft Lyre to cure the poignant Pain,
 And cheer the Heart of every drooping Swain.

YOUNG *C-----t*'s Features Heav'nly Charms display,
 All beautiful without the least Allay ;
 She wounds without Design each tender Breast,
 And every gazing Swain deprives of Rest ;
 Yet tries no sly insinuating Arts
 To gain a Conquest o'er unguarded Hearts ;
 But 'tis her Innocence the Youth insnares,
 And warms his doubtful Breast with pleasing Cares :
 He sighs whene'er the lovely Maid he views,
 And with his longing Eyes the Fair pursues.
 Whilst kindly she commiserates his Grief,
 And soothes the Torment she must not relieve.
 In her appears a graceful Negligence,
 Soft chearful Smiles bedeck'd with Innocence ;
 Such, e're her Fall, was our first Mother *Eve*
 Before the Serpent taught her to deceive,
 She us'd no Bait to tempt the Man to Sin,
 All perfect fair without, and spotless all within :

Her

Her Breast for him alone with Passion burn'd,
 And his alone to her the like return'd,
 So may'st thou, C---tt, such a Lover find,
 True as thy Vertues, as thy Beauties kind.

O-----n, the blooming O-----n, comes in View,
 One of the loveliest of the lovely Few ;
 More bright the Fair, than in Celestial Spheres
 The Evening-Star above the rest appears,
 Who Eastward darts his far superiour Ray,
 Retaining still some bright Remains of Day :
 The smaller Sparks together all combine,
 And all together far more faintly shine;
 Weak languid Streams of Light from them descend,
 And to our searching Sight but dimly tend;
 Whilst *Hesp'rus* sends far more refulgent Beams,
 And gilds with Streaks of Light the Chrystal Streams.
 Such radiant Charms bright ANNA did dispence,
 Many she chear'd with her mild Influence ;
 Whilst youthful N-----n, happy Man ! possess'd
 The various Transports of her downy Breast,
 On him alone the lovely Nymph bestow'd
 The choicest Raptures of Terrestrial Good ;
 But the bright Charmer her Seraphick Mind
 To Heaven, its native Seat, too soon resign'd :
 Yet first her pious Thoughts she thus express'd,
 " On thee, Dear Sister, numerous Blessings rest,
 " And may'st thou long enjoy a double Store
 " Of Comforts here, which I shall taste no more :
 " I now ascend to far superiour Bliss,
 " To lasting Transports, endless Happiness ;
 " Where thou, thro' Wisdom's Aid shalt late ascend
 " And taste those Joys, which never will have End.
 " One Kiss-----farewel-----I can no longer stay,
 " My Guardian Angel summons me away :

" Heaven

" Heaven guide thee and protect thee---There her Breath
 Stop'd, and she smiling sunk into the Arms of Death.
 The Powers above, propitious to her Prayer,
 Have made fair O---n their peculiar Care!
 She doubly does her Sister's Charms possess,
 And double Wisdom does the Beauty bless.

BUT oh! behold what Object, dazzling bright,
 Shines forth thus glorious to our wond'ring Sight,
 As when fair *Luna* does in th' East appear,
 And gilds with Silver Beams our Hemisphere,
 No longer we observe the spangled Sky,
 Or gaze upon the glimm'ring Galaxy:
 'Tis M---s, whose Beauty Love's great God disarms,
 His Darts supplying with her surer Charms:
 Crowds of Admirers court the conquering Fair,
 But with Disdain she flights their anxious Care,
 And scornfully rejects their humble Prayer.
 Oh haughty Nymph! like an eclipsing Cloud
 Your Cruelty does all your Beauties shroud.
 As when by Night black boisterous Storms arise,
 Covering with dismal Darkness all the Skies,
 Nor *Cynthia* shines, nor any twinkling Star,
 To guide the poor benighted Traveller,
 Wearied he wanders on in Paths unknown,
 Wanting the Light of the beclouded Moon.
 Thus M---s your Pride eclipses all your Light,
 And wraps your sundry Charms in Shades of Night;
 But if your Pity wou'd but sooth their Smart,
 Who for your Sake with Life it self wou'd part;
 Nor wrack their throbbing Breasts with fatal Scorn,
 (For you may Pity if not Love return)
 Then shall your Charms with chearing Lustre shine,
 And the glad Swains in your just Praises join.

BUT

But stop----to loftier Strains I now aspire,
 Ye Muses guide the Song, and *Phœbus* strike the Lyre;
 Inspire my Soul with your extatick Flame,
 The charming *O---ds* are my pleasing Theme.
 The younger *O-----d's* bright Celestial Face
 Shines forth with every mild and blooming Grace;
 Such lovely Blushes her fair Cheeks adorn,
 As when at first appears the rosy Morn,
 Whose radiant Blush a chearful Gladness yields,
 Enliv'ning with its Rays the verdant Fields:
 The verdant Fields at Morn's approach rejoice,
 Whilst tuneful Choristers exalt their Voice,
 When in their early Flight they wing their Way
 To sing glad Anthems to the rising Day.
 So, blooming Fair, your Beauties shine so bright,
 The rest all vanish as the Shades of Night;
 What pleas'd before can hardly now be seen,
 Outshone by your superiour Charms and Mien.

But now, Behold the Sun of Beauty rise,
 And, dart his pointed Beams from Elder *O---d's* Eyes,
 Who only, than her Sister, can display
 More glorious Charms, and shine with brighter Ray :
Aurora she, but this the Guide of Day.
 As *Venus* rising from the liquid Plain,
 Attended by the *Nereids* beauteous Train,
 The beauteous Train in decent Order move,
 Acknowledging the Sovereign Queen of Love :
 Divinity so brightned in her Face,
 On the strong Lustre none could dare to gaze ;
 Ev'n *Sol* himself confest his vast Surprize,
 To see such Splendour from the Deeps arise,
 And fear'd a Rival would contend for Sway,
 And with him share the Government of Day.

D

W H E N

WHEN great *Apelles*, emulous for Fame,
 That Sea-born Goddess drew, each beauteous Dame
 From ev'ry distant Part to th' Artist came,
 That from their Charms he might conclude his Piece,
 The Wonder and the Pride of ancient Greece;
 Had then our O----d liv'd, from her alone
 The Painter had the *Paphian* Goddess drawn;
 Yet cou'd he ne'er have drawn the Piece aright,
 So fair, so lovely, nor so wondrous bright:
 Nature so well has finish'd ev'ry Part,
 As far excels the Mimickry of Art;
 Her brilliant Eyes, her graceful Charms and Mien,
 Her Shape, her Air transcendently serene,
 Proclaim the lovely Fair Beauty's unrival'd Queen.

OH! that like *W---ll---r*, with such melting Lays
 In tuneful Verse, I cou'd resound thy Praise,
 The list'ning World shou'd ring with O---d's Name,
 And *S---dn---y* yield to her more lasting Fame.
 But 'tis in vain, my Muse can ne'er aspire
 To *W---ll---r*'s Sweetness, or to *G---v---lle*'s Fire;
 Yet still attempts, altho' with feeble Wing,
 To stretch her infant Pinions forth and sing;
 Whilst her first Flight she dedicates to thee,
 To thee, Successour of victorious *G----*
 In thee thy Mother's conquering Beauties dwell,
 And thine (if possible) ev'n hers excel;
 From her, inherent Wisdom does abide
 With thee, and Vertue over all preside.
 But who shall tell thy vast, thy boundless Wit,
 He who attempts to reach th' ætherial Height,
 Like *Phaeton*, will perish in the Flight.
 A Mind like thine alone can sing thy Worth,
 An elevated Soul of Heav'nly Birth.

Hence-

Henceforth *Orinda* shall no more be nam'd,
Nor soft *Africa* longer shall be fam'd.

SEE, Female Wits, you must resign the Bays
To her whose Lyre sounds more melodious Lays:
In O----d *Sappho's* Genius shines again,
Sappho, whose moving Lines gave ev'ry Bosom Pain.

BUT oh! the Godlike Beauties of her Soul,
Which gaudy Scenes of Vice cou'd ne'er controul.
What Muse can e'er reveal, or mount so high,
Her numerous, vast Perfections to descry!
Vertue in her has fixt her lasting Seat,
Vertue, which can alone make truly great.
Wit soon will perish; like a fading Flower,
Destructive Time will Beauty soon devour;
But o'er the Vertuous Mind Death has no Pow'r.
What Poets fancy, proves in O----d true,
Her Charms their Goddesses feign'd Charms subdue;
Juno's dread Majesty in her enshrind
With blooming *Hebe's* sprightly Youth we find,
To the bright *Cyprian* Queen's soft Beauty join'd;
Diana's Vertue her chaste Bosom owns,
And the whole Maid *Minerva's* Wisdom crowns.

OH! cou'd my Muse with an exalted Flight,
Of her Perfections reach the wondrous Height,
With Majesty sedate, with Beauty free,
Not starch'd, yet vertuous, wise, with Liberty;
Then wou'd I strive her glorious Name to raise
On lasting Pillars of enduring Praise.
But 'tis in vain, my Muse must down again,
Again retire to the more lowly Plain;
There must in doleful Lines my Grief express,
When Grief finds Vent it by Degrees grows less.

BUT